

PRICE

25¢

Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang

Vol. II

October, 1920

No. 13



Our Annual

New gems of pedigree literature also the cream of the first twelve copies in this issue

AN OPEN LETTER

The Whiz Bang Farm,
Rural Route No. 2, Robbinsdale, Minn.

To Our Readers:

With this issue, Captain Billy's Whiz Bang discards swaddling clothes and starts bounding on its second year of existence. In this number, which we have termed "Our Annual," the writer has taken the liberty to review many of the stories and poems from the 12 previous issues. It is obvious that a new publication must start with no circulation. If it strikes a popular appeal in the heart-chord of human existence it succeeds; otherwise, it sinks into journalistic oblivion.

Thanks to a legion of loyal readers and volunteer scribes, The Whiz Bang has weathered the colicky and diarrhoetic stage of life. Our eye-teeth have been cut and the worst is over. This little family journal of uplift has no one to thank but its readers. It is your magazine and it is you who send in the snappy articles to fill its pages each month. Again we extend our heartiest thanks.

We are now spread from the mackerel munching macaroons of Manhattan's bright isle to the squawking squabs of sunny California; from the wily, wicked pole-cats of Northern Minnesota to the perk and prim creoles of feverish Orleans.

On this month, the month of our birth, the editor feels as happy as a kid sucking a lollypop and smearing its chin with an ice cream cone. All we lack to complete the illusion is about three fingers in a wash-tub. Adios until November rolls 'round.

CAPTAIN BILLY.

Captain Billy's Whiz Bang



OUR MOTTO:

“Make It Snappy”

October, 1920

Vol. II. No. 13

Published
Monthly by

W. H. Fawcett, at Robbinsdale,
Rural Route No. 2 Minnesota

Entered as second-class matter May 1, 1920, at the post office at
Robbinsdale, Minnesota, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Price 25 cents

\$2.50 per year

***"We have room for but one soul loyalty and that is
loyalty to the American People"—Theodore Roosevelt.***

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By W. H. Fawcett



***Edited by a Spanish and World War Veteran and dedi-
cated to the fighting forces of the United States, past,
present and future.***

Skipping with the Skipper

JUST one short year ago, under the above caption: "Skipping With the Skipper," Captain Billy's Whiz Bang exploded for the first time. It was the publisher's idea at that time to compile a snappy joke-book for former soldiers, sailors and marines living in the immediate vicinity of the village of Robbinsdale. The demand greatly exceeded the initial press run, and we've been running ever since.

For the benefit of new readers, the opening explanation for our existence on this mundane sphere is herewith re-published. It explains itself, I believe:

Whiz-z Bang!!! We're off and in our trail follows a mighty explosion of pedigreed bull. "Make It Snappy" is our motto. Snap! Pep! Ginger! Even more. The first issue of CAPTAIN BILLY'S WHIZ BANG is off the press and with its advent the editor and contributors hope to have added something really worth while to brighten the atmosphere of human existence. Captain Billy's only and original WHIZ BANG will explode in every issue. No "duds" allowed in our monthly Literary Indigestion. Today we are the Cherry Sisters

of journalism with the fond hopes for "Big Time" sometime.

As the old saying goes, "Laugh and the world laughs with you, near beer and you drink alone." If we dance we must pay the jazz band; no matter what we get we must "put up or shut up." Doctors of Dope and Doctors of Divinity must have the price of our life and love and the undertaker smiles with a self-satisfied grin as our mortal flesh and bones are delivered to the charnel house.

Therefore the motto of the **WHIZ BANG** will be: Be happy while you live; live a full life and while you are living, live on the square so you may be able to follow that quaint western philosophy and look every man in the face and tell him to go to Hell.

Please do not get the impression from the title page that the **WHIZ BANG** is to be a military publication only. There will be 100 laughs for the service man and 97½ laughs for the civilian. We will give the soldier, sailor and marine the benefit of two and three-quarters per cent because we believe he is fairly entitled to it. (Brewers please note.)

THE WHIZ BANG is only in its infancy, so look for the November issue. Then we will burst out and explode into a full-grown bull. We will be fatter, lovelier, snappier and jucier and—oh, girls, we just hate to tell you. Watch for Mr. November and see if we don't make

Bill Bryan's Commoner drier than an Algerian caravan in the Sahara desert, 20 miles from the oasic grog shop and the Cliquot Special two weeks overdue. The bull is only half grown and he surely will be some lively animal next month when we sling him over to our readers.

Those of us who have lived through the past five years have the satisfaction of knowing that we have seen the mightiest and most stirring five years in history, and we are watching from day to day the unfolding and ending of the colossal drama. Never has there been such a crashing of empires, such a falling of thrones, such righting of wrongs and deliverance of the oppressed, such vivid demonstration of the wickedness, the folly and the weakness, the nobility, the wisdom and the courage of which human nature is capable.

As a grand finale, an alleviation from the terrific strain, Billy's **WHIZ BANG** will come as a relieving Balsam—an ointment on the checkered skein of life. Please remember that the oldest truths are the freshest. They are rich with the blood of humanity. As the apple tree in your yard may be a sprout from the apple tree in the Garden of Eden, so the idea that just came to you may be the same that struck King Solomon. Thoughts are deciduous, as trees, and appear green and fresh to each generation, and like desert soil, we are unfurrowed and unfettered. **THE EDITOR.**

The Crap Shooting Major

By SKIPPER BILL.

THIS is a story of a major in the Motor Mechanics brigade, Signal Corps, U. S. Army,—A. C. Rebadow, by name. He hails from the city of Buffalo, N. Y., where he was employed in an automobile manufacturing plant and received his commission because of the supposition that he was a motor sharp.

"Soldiering" and gambling go hand in hand. The greatest indoor sport of the military man is to riffle the "pasteboards," while his outdoor pastime consists of blowing on a pair of galloping dominoes as he prays for a "natural" to rear itself heavenward. Rebadow is neither soldier nor gambler but a dyed-in-the-wool squawker.

The "major's" system was simple. If he lost he merely issued checks on his bank at Tonawanda, N. Y., and then "Stopped Payment," on them. So simple, in fact, that his racial instinct led him promptly to the telegraph office to void the payment.

The Major relied upon military discipline to save him from his outraged victims. He believed that none would have nerve enough to make complaint against his ungentlemanly and indecent behavior, but at least on one occasion he reckoned without his host. That

was at Camp Hancock, Georgia, where Rebadow lost \$400 during several days' indulgence at craps. The victim, however, took the matter up with the superior officers.

Rebadow was traced to an air post far behind the whiz bangs' zone where he possibly imagined himself safe from his debtors as well as from the Jerries. This is a letter which compelled payment. It was written by one superior officer to another, the commandant at the air post where Rebadow was then situated:

"1. It is requested that the Commanding Officer of A. A. A. P. No. 1 take this matter up personally with Major Rebadow, as the following are the facts in the case, as can be supported by the record of the Motor Mechanics Brigade, which records I have personally inspected. Several months ago an exhaustive investigation of the merits of this case was made and it was shown that Major Rebadow was entirely in the wrong in this matter and was dropped on account of an indorsement he signed in which he stated he would make good the amount of these checks, approximately \$400.

"2. The unprincipled manner in which Major Rebadow now treats this matter is considered so reprehensible that effort is being made to secure the forwarding of the personal file of Major Rebadow and he may be informed that unless this account has been settled by the time those records are received that this office will make all efforts to have Major Rebadow brought to trial as a result of his derelections."

Needless to say, Major Rebadow cowered before the eye of his superior officer and forthwith repaid the broken pledge.

I look back on my days in the ranks, where a man was a man, true blue and shorn of falsity, insolence, domineering and double-crossing ways. They were the days when we got paid together, painted the town together, and went broke together, where every man "shot square" with his "buddie."

As for this crap-shooting major, he is in civies again and military discipline will afford him no protection for such breeches.

* * *

Willie and Mollie played in the sand,
Indulging in youthful folly;
The sun was hot on Willie's back,
And the sand was hot to Mollie.

* * *

'Twas Ever Thus

Every time we see an article offered at an uncommonly low price—whether it be shoes, prunes, fountain pens, wood blocks, or a personal service of some kind—we are reminded of Chief Big Smoke.

The owner of this picturesque name was a copper-colored native employed as a missionary to his fellow smokes out in Oklahoma. A tourist once asked him what he did for a living.

"Umph!" said Big Smoke, "me preachum."

"That so? What do you get for preaching?"

"Me get ten dollars a year."

"Well," commented the white man, "that's d——n poor pay."

"Umph!" replied Big Smoke, "me d——n poor preacher."

The Eternal Feminine

Women want marriage and a home. They should. And there are more women than men. Even before the war there was, in Europe and America, an extra sixth woman for every five men, and the sixth woman brings competition. She bulls the market, and makes feminine sex solidarity impossible. And, of course, added to that is the woman who requires three or four men to make her happy, one to marry and support her, and one to take her to the theatre and to luncheon at Delmonico's, and generally fetch and carry for her, and one to remember her as she was at nineteen and remain a bachelor and have a selfish, delightful life, while blaming her.—Mary Roberts Rinehart.

* * *

Move Over

Bridget failed to get up one morning to cook breakfast for the Smith family. Instead she yelled downstairs that she was "pretty sick."

Mr. Smith promptly summoned his family doctor who gave the "sick" servant a thorough examination. The doctor was unable to find anything wrong with Bridget.

"My good woman," he said, "you're not sick at all."

"I know I'm not," Bridget replied, "but the Smiths owe me \$20 and I'm going to stay in bed until they pay me."

"Well, if that's the case, move over; they owe me \$50."

Golightly Highballs

BY REV. "GOLIGHTLY" MORRILL.

Mexico

V C. in Vera Cruz stands for Venereal City. "El Dictamen" is the leading newspaper. It has only four pages, yet whole columns are filled with advertised cures for scrofula, syphilis, locomotor-ataxia and all the rotten ills that licentious Latin-America is heir to. The space we give to weather reports on the front page, or to special news with extra headlines, is given up here to nauseating advertisements. The first thing one sees as he enters the plaza are billboards, walls and buildings with sure-cure advertisements.

L. A. in Latin America stands for "licentious animals." In Vera Cruz the principal male pastime is to talk about girls and not of God. From 4 P. M. to 2 A. M. men sit in the plaza portales drinking, smoking and talking about the women who pass by. The leading subject of "town talk" is girls, the one they went to the movie with last, the other one the night before, and the one they hope to get tonight.

The people make themselves a sewer for immoral filth, court the devil Lust that eats and burns up their blood; are spendthrifts of body and soul; waste their

inheritance to purchase dirty, loathed disease; pawn their bodies to a dry-rot evil; make themselves patients for Lust's rendezvous, a hospital, where their bill of fare is pills, not beef, and the doctor's bill is longer than the moral law they have violated. What I have written here about Vera Cruz morals applies to the rest of Mexico where conditions are the same or worse.

The Ten Commandments are little in evidence in the country and free love prevails with the fruit of seventy-five per cent of illegitimate births. A respectable bachelor is not qualified to enter society until several children call him "papa." Few men are without a separate establishment for affinities.

Honolulu

The Hawaiians are out and out in their dancing. They do not gloss it over and wear no hypocritical fig-leaves. They do not throw masks or mantles over their viciousness, under the guise of religious charity balls and philanthropic society parties. The hula is a hip dance, but the Hawaiians are not "hip"—ocritical in doing it. The dance is not sad or hippish but one of joy.

I have seen many dances—the Apache in Paris, du ventre in Cairo, the can-can in Buenos Aires, and with money here in Honolulu one can arrange with a chauffeur or at a hula house to see a hula combining all these vile and violent exhibitions. It is a composite of the compost of all dirty dances, most delightfully depraved, innocent of decency and shame, the dancers being quite careless about the exposure of their legs, arms and charms. What captivating indelicacy, so

disturbing to the looker-on. But this it not the native hula. There is sufficient of the sun and volcano without it. The whites have taken away the native naivete and added their own nastiness. As a physiological study the dance is informing. In antiquity these antics were a religious service, combining poetry, pantomime and passion. The old edition of the heathen hula dance has been expurgated, but Christian footnotes suggest more.

At one hula house I witnessed an unscheduled fight between several sailors who had quarreled over the charms of a hula girl with the result of broken heads, hearts and furniture. The native proprietor welcomed us with characteristic Hawaiian hospitality—we could eat, drink and stay as long as we pleased—all night in fact, with his hula girls for company. I thanked him for his ancient, beautiful and unbounded generosity but told him I was married and a minister, although he seemed unable to understand why that should make any difference with me, since it made little to some of the local clergy and laity.

One day at high noon, not night, I saw several native women bathing at Waikiki beach. All they had on was a holoku nightgown that was as good as nothing when wet. Three white, male strangers sauntered up from the nearby hotel, waded in, threw their arms around the girls and were guilty of "divers" familiarities. The girls didn't object to the conduct of the boys. I couldn't help seeing or thinking whether the fishes swam away or stayed and blushed all colors. Here was a "freedom of the seas" I refer to the naval board for diplomatic discussion.

God's righteousness is like the great mountains. I often thought, as I marvelled at the islands' scenery, that there are sermons in stones, but men do not listen; summits preach high ideals and purity, but people are deaf; and nature's green only looks down on the mud and mire of lucre, lies, lust and laziness.

Havana

Havana is a fool's Paradise—a lunatic limbo for people with loud clothes, lots of money, loose morals and light heads. It is the place where bad folks go to have a good time. The more disreputable a city is, the more popular it is to high society.

I have visited Havana many times and found the H in its name stood for Hell, not Heaven. On a recent sojourn I asked a traveling companion what the state of religion was and if Havana's morals were improved. "Oh, yes, there has been a great reformation." He had scarcely made this gratifying statement when a young man came up to me and showed some vile post-cards and postals which he offered for sale. This did not happen in a side street at night, but in Central Park at noon.

Havana has reformed! The city has no "segregation," but you may walk for miles along streets to the waterfront and find every other house with a seductive senorita at the door or window with extended hand or winsome voice urging you in broken Spanish or English to forsake the counsel of your mother's Bible. Regular saloons and concert halls had scores of the women of the town at the tables sitting with motley men, while glasses clinked and phonographs scratched

their screechy music. This was all bad enough but the lowest hell was reached when I saw a woman standing in the doorway offering to sell a girl of about 14 who stood by her side. At the end of certain streets the police were on watch to keep the women off the sidewalks, and so maintain an appearance of decency and order. Other places were unwatched and free.

Havana has reformed! The sporting women of the town advertise in several of the local magazines, where you find their photos, house address and some such paragraph in Spanish or in English for the benefit of the American tourist: "Tourist! Do you wish a good house in Havana, with plenty of women, pretty and elegant? Go to ——— street, No. ———, ask for Helena. Go today." Here's another: "Artistic Academy. If you want a place for pleasure and a good time, go to ———, plenty of nice girls." Another want ad reads: "Ladies from all nations," and still another, "Violeta has moved to ——— street, and with her Parisian arts welcomes the Havana public."

Poor pleasure-seekers, whose law is fashion and folly their pursuit! Bubbles on the wave of pleasure, a tracery on the sand which Time's tide will soon erase. Every year the siren voice of Havana calls, "Come in your private yacht on the Gulf Stream of gold; come with full purse and empty head and heart; come, you 'best' society, that you may be seen at your worst; come, all ye who would desert the temple of your mind and soul for this Circe's palace of fleshy pleasures!"

Central America

Hamlet found something "rotten in the state of Denmark," but it was sweet compared with what I dis-

covered in Central America—the land of eruption and corruption, of dirt, disease, destitution, darkness, dilapidation, despots, delay, debt, deviltry and degeneracy, where a conservative estimate makes 90 per cent of the women immoral, 95 per cent of the men thieves, and 100 per cent of the population liars.

While strolling about the sultry seaport of Amapala, Spanish Honduras, and thinking of Morazan, the great Honduran liberator, two deceitful dames sought to enslave me. I was a stranger and they tried to take me in—their home nearby. Fortunately a policeman came up and warned me in broken English that these girls were “always — very — bad — to — everybody.” Each one took my arm and I thought it was time to take to my legs and get away. Anticipating my flight, one of them sprang upon me, wrapped her nether limbs about my waist and her arms around my neck. Thus in broad daylight in the heart of the town and in full view of the passerby I was attacked and assaulted. What a shipwreck of character might have happened had I landed at night! I hurried back to the ship and sought the seclusion my cabin afforded. The captain congratulated me on my narrow escape and informed me that on nearly every trip to this port native women of the town attempt to smuggle themselves at night on board to exchange their morals for the sailors’ money.

Panama

The last time I visited the Panama Canal it was closed, but the town was wide open. Former streets called straight were crooked and some rescued territory had relapsed. Just off the main street the scarlet

woman and the red light flourished and flaunted. Posing as bar-girls these women came out boldly with the bar-sinister of their profession, came with forbidden fruit from the "Cocoa Grove," and exposed it for sale on West Sixteenth street, contaminating the young. The groves may have been God's first temples, but not this Panama "Cocoa" one. Here Satan conducts services every day of the year and passion-fruit is offered all who walk its thoroughfares. One finds all colors, classes and conditions of carnality. The U. S. soldiers are the police because the Panamanian police hate our boys sober or drunk, and when our boys had a fight the Panamanians beat them up. There are dens of high and low degree, full of filth, profanity, drunkenness, disease and debauchery, I know, for I saw, and I saw because I was there for local color and it was black enough.

Panama is famous for its canal, the wedlock of the oceans, but the city Panama is infamous, knows little of the family word "wedlock" and its red light "Cocoa Light" would make the fabled Daphne Grove wither up with envy. From the first to the fifteenth of each month the U. S. soldiers receive their pay and spend a large amount of it here in wine, women and song. In this pandemonium of profligacy, one may see, at any hour of the day or night, a brave soldier boy, intoxicated with love or liquor, sitting in a doorway with a half-dressed, bare-legged girl in his lap. These girls are o. k.'d by an M. D. twice a week and pronounced all right. Our soldiers cannot leave camp and visit them without a card certificate of good character. After they have made a night of it the boys repair to the

"House of Lords" in the district and receive a bath and inoculation of anti-venereal dope. If they fail to take this treatment and are contaminated, they suffer more ways than one, being compelled to pay a fine. This is all too bad. Pleasures pure and simple should be given them at camp or in barracks. As it is, many of them are "shot to hell" before they ever go to war. If they have any extra money, strength or inclination, they may hit the opium-pipe, buy a get-rich-quick lottery ticket, or on Sunday attend a bullfight. A modern St. Anthony would find it difficult to withstand the temptations of this zone. More than one Pan-American religious conference is needed to make the moral atmosphere as pure as the city streets are clean. It is a bigger job to kill the devil than to exterminate the yellow-fever mosquito.

* * *

Friendship and Love

What causes the majority of women to be so little touched by friendship is that it is insipid when they have once tasted of love.

* * *

She Quit the Union

A party went to the opera and occupied a box. One of the men saw a raveling on the shoulder of one of the ladies. He picked it, and it kept on coming. He pulled and pulled till he had a tremendous mass, which he threw behind the door. Some days after the men met and talked it over. One of them said: "My wife had a good time, but she cannot figure out how she lost her union suit."

Highly-tighty Aphrodite

AT present, partly owing to what is very modestly called "barefoot" dancing, a severe season of clothelessness prevails; and the aforementioned exercises afford the public quite a fair idea of "the most admirable spectacle in nature"—that is to say, bowlegs, knock-knees, thick ankles, spray feet, shoulders scraggy or pudgy, knees bony or lumpy, and wierdly shaped legs.

The modernist poets also have been seized by the mania for nudity—but let us hope that with them it is rather theory than practice; for the average literator is not usually "a dream of form in days of thought." One mocking rhymester thus makes game of such poetic aspirations:

All the poets have been stripping,
Quaintly into moonbeams slipping,
Running outlike wild Bacchantes,
Minus lingerie and panties.
Never knew of such a frantic
Belvederean, corybantic,
Highly-tighty Aphrodite,
Stepping out without a nightie.

One of these modernist bards puts her own fancies into the brain of an old-time lady, stiff in pink and silver brocade, as she walks in a prim garden awaiting the coming of her suitor. She would like to leave "all that pink and silver crumpled on the ground"; for,

Underneath my stiffened gown
Is the softness of a woman bathing in a marble basin.

Thus divested of raiment, "I would be the pink and silver as I ran along the paths," and her lover, seeing her, would pursue "till he caught me in the shade." A writer of free verse is more candid; it is herself she would disrobe. "Since the earliest days I have dressed myself in fanciful clothes," she says, trying to express herself in this manner; but now she is weary of putting "romance and fantasy into my raiment," She realizes that "my clothes are not me, myself"; hence the stern resolve:

I think I shall go naked into the streets,
And wander unclothed into people's parlors.
The incredulous eyes of the bewildered world
Might give me back my true image * * *
Maybe in the glances of others
I would find out what I really am.

Doubtless she would; but perhaps not exactly as she means it. Wandering "unclothed into people's parlors," if police vigilance could be eluded, might be a way of seeing ourselves as other see us, since the owners of the parlors would probably be startled into candid comment, instead of, as usual, waiting until the unclad back of the visitant was turned. It would be a happy arrangement if only the truly symmetrical would indulge in semi-nudity. Such exhibitions are a form of female vanity; but if the average woman will but realize it, she owes any admiration she may excite to the saving graces of clothes. If she is wise she will foster the illusion. As a poet of another era expressed it, "Oh, the little less, and what worlds away!"

In the Grip of a Dream

THE dreamer is with us. From early youth there comes anon a time when the sense of great loneliness and mysticism leads one out to the wilderness of the Dream God. Conceptions of dreams and of love are two difficult tasks, but Robert W. Chambers seems to have made greater headway than other authors. In his book, "The Danger Mark," he thus describes the feelings that passed over poor, troubled Geraldine:

"We're pretty young yet, Geraldine. * * * I never saw a girl I cared for as I might have cared for you. It's true, no matter what I have done, or may do. * * * But you're quite right, a man of that sort isn't to be considered," he laughed and pulled on one glove, "only—I knew as soon as I saw you that it was to be you or—everybody. First, it was anybody; then it was you—now it's everybody. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she managed to say. The dizzy waves swayed her; she rested her checks between both hands and, leaning there heavily, closed her eyes to fight against it. She had been seated on the side of a lounge; and now, feeling blindly behind her, she moved the cushions aside, turned and dropped among them, burying her blazing face. Over her the scorching vertigo swept, subsided, rose, and swept again. Oh,

the horror of it!—the shame, the agonized surprise. What was this dreadful thing that, for the second time, she had unwittingly done? And this time it was so much more terrible. How could such an accident have happened to her? How could she face her own soul in the disgrace of it?

Fear, loathing, frightened incredulity that this could really be herself, stiffened her body, and clinched her hands under her parted lips. On them her hot breath fell irregularly.

Rigid, motionless, she lay, breathing faster and more feverishly. Tears came after a long while, and with them relaxation and lassitude. She felt that the dreadful thing which had seized and held her was letting go its hold, was freeing her body and mind; and as it slowly released her and passed on its terrible silent way, she awoke and sat up with a frightened cry, to find herself lying on her own bed in utter darkness.

* * *

In France, we are told, the English officers stepped about as though they owned the whole d——d country, whereas

The Americans walked about as though they didn't give a d——n who owned the country.

* * *

New York liquor spotters have discovered liquor in baby dolls. That's nothing new. Lots of baldheads have been buying wine for baby dolls in New York for generations!

Questions and Answers

Dear Captain Billy—I am 15 years old and have a sweetheart who is just 18. He owns a flivver and wants me to go riding with him. Should I?—**Lizzie.**

Walking is healthier.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—I have a girl friend who insists on writing to me and demanding an answer. What shall I do?—**Charlie.**

Tell her to enclose a stamp.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—My husband is going out with another woman all the time. What can I do to keep him home nights.—**Mrs. Brown.**

Take the other woman in as a boarder.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—I am a young lady attending a church college. Do you think it would be all right for me to wear skirts 15 inches from the ground.—**Marie.**

That depends on your height. If you are six feet tall it would be all right, but if you are only 29 inches "tall," Not Yet Marie.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—What would you call the unoccupied side of an old maid's bed?—**Simple Susan.**

No Man's Land.

Dear Captain Billy—My daughter has a sweetheart who just got back from France. He talks to her in French and says: "Villa vouz promenade," or something like that, and then they go to some park. What does that mean?—**Anxious Father.**

That's all right, old man. Your daughter's sweetheart was only asking her to take a walk.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—What's good for cooties?—**Returned Soldier.**

Bread crumbs.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—Please explain the uses of salpeter.—**Tommy.**

You are hereby referred to any soldier who will tell you its principal usage is in the manufacture of high explosives.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—What's worse than a cow with the cooties?—**Hi Ball.**

A horse with a buggy behind.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—We are organizing a new lodge in 'Frisco to be known as the "Ancient Order of Modern Cavemen." Will you kindly suggest a motto for our lodge? Yours truly—**Rough on Cats**

My suggestion is: "Catch 'em young; treat 'em rough, and tell 'em nothin'."

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—Why do they use castor oil in racing automobiles and aeroplanes?—**Eunice.**

To make them run, of course, Eunice.

Dear Bilious Billy—What would you write about if the country went wet again and you didn't have the dry reformers to poke fun at and kid about?—**Reginald Pewter:**

We cannot tell a lie—we wouldn't be able to write during the first few weeks.

* * *

Dear Whiz Bang—My husband, a returned soldier, did not get home until 3 o'clock this morning. He said he was at the Fort all night playing golf. Do soldiers play golf in the middle of the night?—**Worried War Bride.**

Yes, Worried Wifie, they do. One of the favorite sports of the naughty doughboy is the game known as African golf. Two galloping dominoes are used in place of a small ball. Instead of the greens, the latrine floor is usually garnished with greenbacks and set off in silver. "Big Dick" and "Little Joe" act as caddies and there is more cussing at a "flock of box cars" than a minister foozling a putt. I indulged in a friendly game of dancing dominoes last night with my old buddy, Mr. "Eighter from Decatur." "Jimmy Hicks" and "Long Legged Liz" were there, but before I got through I had "fever in the South" and "crapped" out several points under par.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—Please tell me what is golf?—**Ignoramus.**

Well, Ig., golf is a game where old men chase little balls around when they are too old to chase anything else.

Dearest Billy—What's the difference between a bachelor and a worm?—**Andy Gump.**

Somebody told me there was no difference—the chickens get them both.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—I have been married a year and am the mother of triplets who are now three months old. My husband has asked me to take dancing lessons this winter because he says he cannot afford to have any more children and that dancing will keep one's mind off maternal cares. What do you think about it?—**Triple Trixy.**

Dancing's all right, Trixy, providing you tango in the morning, fox trot in the afternoon and hesitate at night. Fine exercise, I say.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—I am struggling with myself to keep from falling in love with a handsome football player because I heard that football players were so terribly rough.—**Troubled Tillie.**

Move to the South Sea islands where it's too hot to play football, or else to Norway where the summer sport is fishing and in winter it's too cold to fish.

* * *

Dear William—I recently met a cute little second lieutenant on the train and am very anxious to get in touch with him. He said his name was Joe Latrino and that he was in the Sanitary Corps. How may I find him?—**Winsome Winnifred.**

Write to him in care of the Captain of the Head, U. S. Navy.

Dear Captain Billy—What is the difference between Spanish Flu and Spanish Fly?—**Swede Harriet.**

Spanish Flu is a disease. Spanish Fly is a drug, technically known as cantharides and is used as a plaster to cure rheumatism.

* * *

Dear Billy—I am infatuated with a handsome young man from Akron, Ohio, but when he comes to visit me in a neighboring village he acts so embarrassed and appears always to be in a mood of deep thought. Do you suppose he wants to pop the question but hasn't the nerve?—**Hellenic Helen.**

Now, Hellenic Helen, how in Hell's Gate or Helena do I know? Overlook his seeming taciturnity and remember that "deep rivers move with silent majesty; small brooks are noisy as hell, and actions speak louder than words."

* * *

Dear Doctor Billy—Please give me the definition of the spinal column.—**Slippery Lizz.**

It's a long disjointed bone, covered with knots—your head sits on one end and you sit on the other.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—What is meant by "bigamy?" **Dandy Dillon.**

Bigamy is a form of insanity which causes a man to pay three board bills instead of two.

* * *

Dear Billy—What's the definition of a "humdinger?"—**Iva Hangover.**

A man who can make a deaf and dumb girl say: "O, daddy."

Dear Bilious Billy—I was married last June and my wife wants me to obtain some polish in my manners so suggests that I take music lessons. What do you think about it?—**Silas Hopkins.**

It's a very good idea, Si. You'll soon gain a musical education by playing second fiddle. But beware of the jazz.

* * *

Dear Skipper—Why is a certain specie of beans called Navy Beans?—**Battle-Axe Liz.**

I dunno, Liz. You might as well ask me why I labelled The Whiz Bang an "Explosion of Pedigreed Bull." No reason at all.

* * *

Dear Bill—They say there are germs on money. Do you think, then, it is safe for a poor working girl to carry her salary home in her stocking?—**Sadie Woolworth.**

Perfectly safe, I'd say. A germ couldn't live on a working girl's salary.

* * *

Betty's Better Batter

Betty Botter bought some butter,
"But," she said, "this butter's bitter.
If I put it in my batter,
It will make my batter bitter.
But a bit of better butter
Will make my batter better."
So she bought a bit o' butter
Better than the bitter butter,
And made her bitter batter better.
So 'twas better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.

Seeing Los Angeles

By JACK ANDREWS

RUBBERNECKING via the bally-ho wagons has received a terrible set-back in the beautiful city of the Angels. No more will the gossip-hungry tourists be fed on the scandal of the movie colony from a megaphone in the hands of a husky-voiced "spieler." An edict has gone forth forbidding these caterers to the the appetites of the unlearned and seeking visitors of Los Angeles to exploit the "affairs" of the celebrities in press agent fashion.

Los Angeles officials contend that it is no nice way to entertain their guests where skeletons are said to exist in every closet in Hollywood.

There is no question but what the moving picture business has a lot of deserving people in it, and some of the most admirable characters to be found are of the cinema crowd, but we have recently had a few stellar lights before the international eye in roles that were disgusting.

Here are some of the utterances the city fathers say should be dispensed with:

"To your right, folks, is the home of Charlie, now used exclusively by Mildred and her mother, who is also her business manager."

"On your left is the home of Lottie, sister of Mary, who has a standing offer to fight any woman in the business.

"Jack, who is also one of the family, was living in the bungalow on yonder hill before his wife came back from New York. He left for Arkansas on the advice of his doctor the day before she arrived. He was also in the service during the war."

"Now folks this beautiful chateau on the right covering ten acres is the possession of an illiterate cow-puncher, whose salary is greater than the President's."

"To your left is the former home of Mable, when she wasn't at Vernon, and who is credited with staging a "come-back" after the star of Sennett passed below her horizon."

"The one who was once called "America's Sweetheart" used to live in sweet simplicity in the white bungalow on the right. She used to be the idol of all children, but the page of her book is closed that the youth should learn aright."

Is it any wonder that these "rubberneck" wagons did a thriving business in Los Angeles? It is said that each "spieler" tried to outrival his competitor and from all reports the tourists were well supplied with scandal.

* * *

Girls should remember that when they confide in a married woman they are probably confiding in her husband also.

Whiz Bang Bunk

As you show so shall we peep.

* * *

A shimmy dancer has to struggle for a living.

* * *

Many a rough neck is hidden by a silk collar.

* * *

Be it ever so homely there's no face like your own.

* * *

You can't feather your nest running after chickens.

* * *

Keeping whisky in your home is no crime—it's
an art.

* * *

Never slap children on the face; Nature provides
a more suitable place.

* * *

Close the saloon and save the boys; close the ga-
rage and save the girls.

* * *

Sign in dry goods store: "Our woolen underwear
will tickle you to death.

A Shorthorn Bull

A man called for hair restorer at the drug store. The new clerk gave him something to apply. In the course of time the man returned with a complaint. He declared the stuff powerful enough for some purpose but not to grow hair. His head was as bald as ever but he was getting two big lumps like cocoanuts on the top. The clerk looked at the empty bottle and turned ghastly pale as he exclaimed "My Gawd, man, I've made a terrible mistake. I gave you bust developer."

* * *

Gosh All Hemlocks!

Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of a bucket of beer;
Up the street and down the line,
I've got the bucket; who's got the dime?

* * *

"What's Sauce for the Goose"

A colored woman and her husband were conversing together when the latter happened to express curiosity as to the meaning of the word "propaganda" which he was constantly running across in the newspapers.

"Well," said his wife, "ah is not sure, but ah thinks ah know what propaganda is. F'r instance, wif mah fust husband ah had one chile, and two wif mah second. You're mah third husband an' we hain't got none at all. Now, I'm the propah goose, but you ain't the propahganda."

Whiz Bang Editorials

"The Bull is Mightier Than the Bullet"

Is the theater becoming immoral? The majority of critics claim it is. The WHIZ BANG disagrees on this point. We claim the motion picture development has stopped the sporadic growth of suggestive plays on the legitimate stage.

The immoral, or at least suggestive plays made their first appearance in any large number twenty years ago. Witness "Three Weeks," "Sappho," "Du Barry," and others, and still today you will find these plays in oblivion. Together with them, the woman who starred in such plays are almost unheard of today. Most prominent among these is Olga Nethersole.

She was an English governess in the '80's and startled London with her portrayals of "The Transgressor," "Magda" and other productions of like character.

Twenty years ago Miss Nethersole shocked two continents with her "Sappho Kiss." She always maintained that playing the parts of these easy women would "make" her. Witness her interview of more than five years ago, in which she is quoted as having said:

"People have not understood that I chose to play

prostitutes because I have felt it my work to aid the world by showing the suffering in it. If I felt that I had not been chosen for this task I should never have given my life to it.

"Do you know the story of Alexander Dumas, the younger? He was an illegitimate son, whose father refused to wed his mother. Thereupon the son gave up his life to the cause of woman and wrote his plays with the suffering of woman uppermost. 'Camille' will live forever.

"I have felt that if I could show the suffering and the misery that illicit passion causes I could do something for the world, could point a way toward removing the evil."

And today, Olga Nethersole's prediction has fallen flat. Her name, or the names of her mimics, no longer are blazoned on the electric signs of Broadway. Olga Nethersole, and the principle for which she stood, are in oblivion.

* * *

This is the era of keepers, too. Our collective national appetite has been entrusted to the keeping of four Bills. I refer to Bill Bryan, Billy Sunday, Bill Anderson of the Antisaloon League and Billy-Bedamned. Those of us who once owned thirsts rapidly are becoming reconciled to the prospect of seeing about every other man in this country established in the role of his brother's keeper—not his barkeeper, perish the thought—but the sort of keeper who keeps his charges locked up in an iron barred cage and whacks them across the nose with a steel rod of sumptuary discipline

should they manifest a desire once in a while to indulge in a little personal liberty.

It has become the custom for many police departments to resort to underhanded methods in obtaining evidence wherewith to bring guilty persons to trial for certain offences, the plan adopted being the employment of what is commonly known as "stool pigeons"—go-betweens who act in direct conjunction with the police. Concerning those who allow themselves to be so employed there is little to be said other than that they are not fit for decent society. It is a sneaking way of securing a living and those who lend themselves to it ought to be ostracized by citizens who believe in conforming to the ordinary decencies of life.

* * *

Moral reformers are altogether too ambitious. They want to abolish vice but they cannot do it. Vice is not crime, although the two things are often confounded. The word "vice" literally means a fault or error. A crime is a deliberate violation of the law of God or man.

Why should we be so serious and so violent in our attitude toward human vice? The root of the evil is in the weakness or wickedness of human nature. What is needed is to invigorate humanity with that moral strength which resists the inroads of vice. There are periods in the history of every nation when certain forms of vice are particularly flagrant. This was so when civilized Greece had lost her pristine manliness. It was so when pagan Rome was near her fall. It was so, unhappily, in England in the nineties of the last century, which saw the popularity of such literary and artistic decadents as Oscar Wilde and Aubrey

Beardsley. Wise reformers will not ever deceive themselves by thinking that they can eradicate vice. They will try to lessen vice by moral suasion and by removing the economic causes which are the promoters of evil living. To put wretched people into jail is not the best way to reform them. It is better to make them see that a life of virtue pays better than a life of vice. This may be a low utilitarian standard, but it will appeal to those who are altogether guided by considerations of profit or loss.

* * *

The alimentary canal of the business world needs a physic. It's the same in business as with the human system, when things get clogged. We've been gorging the system of the business world until its tripe needs scraping. We've kept the hopper too full for a healthy elimination, and we need calomel and rhubarb for a change. Capital has allowed its cormorant-like propensities to assume the proportions of a boa constrictor in trying to swallow not only the calf but the whole herd. Labor, following closely in the wake of capital and profiting by its example, has pulled the bridle off of the horse and started it down the road of reason for a head-on collision with the captain of industry, who is stepping on the tail of his big Packard, and both will be injured. Cornering the earth and setting the price of all things required for man's welfare has come home to roost in demands for wages double and treble what they used to be, and both capital and labor must be purged of this overload on the liver of righteousness or the undertaker will have an unusually thriving business very soon.

The tendency of present-day writers and authors of fiction stories to deal in suggestiveness is perhaps explained in the popularity of the magazines which cater to these outpourings. Gouverneur Morris is one of these, and who can say that Mr. Morris is not one of the foremost writers of the day? In his latest masterpiece, "The Wild Goose," which appeared recently in Hearst's, he writes, for instance:

One of the shoulder-straps of her night-gown had slipped so that Diana's left breast was almost wholly bare. At her husband's next words she hastily pulled the night-gown back into place, as she might have done if he had stepped suddenly into view.

"I could crawl to you on my hands and knees," he said, "if I could lay my head on your breast just one little moment."

"Frank," she exclaimed, "I am so sorry! But please, please—this is no time to discuss what's been and gone and happened. Do go back to bed. . . . Count the sheep going over the hurdle. . . . Don't you know I'd do anything—anything—anything—except the things I can't do? . . ."

There was a long silence. Then the man spoke again.

"Do have pity," he said, "for Christ's sake!"

* * *

Then we have Arthur Somers Roche who quite often reveals much truth in his fiction. Writing recently in the *Cosmopolitan*, Roche, perhaps unconsciously, reveals a time-worn trick of the woman of the street in "working" a male victim. He writes:

The difficulty with the Waiters' Union had re-

sulted in the engaging of girls as waitresses at the Central. An extremely pretty girl had just served Mr. Dabney with something. Inspiration had come to him as he started to tip her.

"Worth just fifty cents, m'dear, if I put it in your hand. Worth five dollars if I put it in your stocking. What say?"

The waitress essayed coyness, but failed in her endeavor. Five dollars was five dollars. She turned slightly to one side; her skirt was raised; into her stocking-top Dabney slipped the five-dollar bill.

No invention of modern history has ever been acclaimed with the enthusiasm that greeted Mr. Dabney's strikingly original idea. There was a yell from Mr. Ladd's table; as explanation shot about the room, hilarity reached its highest pitch. Immediately a dozen girls stood close to tables, while unsteady hands that held bills fumbled at the tops of stockings.

* * *

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How did your brewing do?
It has the smell, and kicks like hell,
But tastes like rotten glue.

* * *

Pass Her a Palm Fan

What sort of tree is that?" queried a Chicago girl, touring California.

"Fig tree," replied her escort.

"My goodness, I thought the leaves were larger."

* * *

A. W. O. L. means, according to officers who ought to know, "After Women Or Liquor." Usually it's both.

Smokehouse Poetry

The Passing of Old Smokehouse

When memory keeps me company and moves to smiles or tears,
A weather-beaten object looms through the mist of years,
Behind the house and barn it stood, a half a mile or more,
And hurrying feet a path had made, straight to its swinging door.
Its architecture was a type of simple classic art,
But in the tragedy of life it played a leading part;
And oft the passing traveler drove slow and heaved a sigh
To see the modest hired girl slip out with glances shy.

We had our posey garden that the women loved so well.
I loved it, too, but better still I loved the stronger smell
That filled the evening breezes so full of homely cheer,
And told the night-o'ertaken tramp that human life was near.
On lazy August afternoons it made a little bower,
Delighted, where my grandsire sat and whiled away an hour.
For there the summer morning its very cares entwined,
And berry bushes reddened in the steaming soil behind.

* * *

Poor Girlie

My parents told me not to smoke;
I don't.

Nor listen to a naughty joke;
I don't.

They told me it was wrong to wink
At handsome men, or even think
About intoxicating drink;
I don't.

To dance or flirt was very wrong;
I don't.

Wild girls chase men and wine and song;
I don't.

I kiss no men, not even one—
In fact, I don't know how it's done;
You wouldn't think I have much fun—
I don't.

Hunting the Wily Pole Cat

(As told by a French-Canadian).

I'm hunt de bear, I'm hunt de rat
Sometimes I'm hunt de cat;
Las week I'm tak ma ax an go
To hunt de skunk pole cat.

Ma fren Bill says hees ver good fur,
Same time good for eat,
So I tell ma wife, "I get fur coat
Same time get some meat."

I walk, one, two, three, four mile.
I feel one awful smell—
I theenk that skunk hees gone and died
And fur coat's gone to hal.

Bime-by I get up ver ver close,
I raise ma ax up high—
Dat gaddum skunk he up and plunk,
Trow something in ma eye.

Scare, blu; I tink ahm blin—
Gee Cri! Ah cannot see,
Ah run aroun and roun and roun
Till bump in gaddum tree.

Bime-bye I drop de ax
An light out for de shack
I tink about a milyun skunk
Hees climb upon ma back.

Ma wife she meet me at de door,
She sick on me de dog,
She say, "You no sleep here tonight,
Go out and sleep wit hog."

I try to get in hog pen,
Gee Cri, now what you tink,
Dat gaddum hog no stan for dat
On count of awful stink.

So I no hunt de skunk no more
To get hees fur and meat;
For if hees breath he smell so bad,
Gee Cri! what if he speet.

The Girl with the Blue Velvet Band

In that city of wealth, beauty and fashion;
Dear old Frisco, where I first saw the light,
And the many frolics that I had there
Are still fresh in my memory tonight.

One evening while out for a ramble;
Here or there without thought or design,
I chanced on a young girl tall and slender,
On the corner of Kearney and Pine.

On her face was the first flush of nature,
And bright eyes seemed to expand;
While her hair fell in rich, brilliant masses,
Was entwined in a Blue Velvet Band.

To a house of gentle ruination,
She invited me with a sweet smile;
She seemed so ready, inviting;
That I thought I would tarry awhile.

She then shared with me a collection
Of wines of an excellent brand,
And conversed in politest language;
This girl with the Blue Velvet Band.

After lunch, to a well-kept apartment,
We repaired to the third floor above;
And I thought myself truly in heaven,
Where reigneth the goddess of love.

Her lady's taste was resplendent,
From the graceful arrangement of things;
From the pictures that stood on the bureau,
To a little bronze Cupid with wings.

But what struck me the most was an object
Designed by an artistic hand;
'Twas the costly "lay-out" of a hop-fiend,
And that fiend was my Blue Velvet Band.

On a pile of soft robes and pillows;
She reclined, I declare, on the floor,
Then we both hit the pipe and I slumbered,
I ponder it over and o'er.

'Tis months since the craven arm grasped me,
And in bliss did my life glide away;
From opium to "dipping" and thieving,
She artfully led day by day.

One evening, coming home wet and dreary,
With the swag from a jewelry store;
I heard the soft voice of my loved one,
As I gently opened the door.

"If you'll give me a clue to convict him,"
Said a stranger, in tones soft and grand,
"You'll then prove to me that you love me";
"It's a go," said my Blue Velvet Band.

Ah! How my heart filled with anger,
At woman, so fair, false and vile,
And to think that I once true adored her;
Brought to my lips a mock smile.

All ill-gotten gains we had squandered,
And my life was hers to command;
Betrayed and deserted for another—
Could this be my Blue Velvet Band?

Just a few moments before I was hunted
By the cops, who wounded me, too.
And my temper was none the sweetest,
As I swung myself into their view.

And the copper, not liking the glitter
Of the "44" Colt in my hand;
Hurriedly left through the window,
Leaving me with my Blue Velvet Band.

Had she been true when I met her,
Great future for us was in store,
For I was an able mechanic,
And honest and square to the core.

What happened to me I will tell you;
I was "ditched" for a desperate crime;
There was hell in a bank about midnight,
And my pal was shot down in his prime.

As a convict of hard reputation,
Ten years of hard grind I did land,
And I often thought of the pleasures
I had with my Blue Velvet Band.

One night as bed time was ringing
I was standing close to the bars
I fancied I heard a girl singing
Far out in the ocean of stars.

Her voice had the same touch of sadness
I knew that but one could command,
It had the same thrill of gladness
As that of my Blue Velvet Band.

Dear pals, when my "hitch" is completed,
Back to Frisco I'll journey again;
Where my chances are worth a few dollars—
All the way from a thousand to ten.

Once again I will try to live honest;
Though I go to some far distant land,
And bid adios to dear Frisco
And the girl with the Blue Velvet Band.

* * *

The Little Red God

Here's a little red song to the god of guts,
Who dwells in palaces, brothels, huts;
The little Red God with the craw of grit;
The god who never learned how to quit;
He is neither a fool with a frozen smile,
Or a sad old toad in a cask of bile;
He can dance with a shoe-nail in his heel
And never a sign of his pain reveal;
He can hold a mob with an empty gun
And turn a tragedy into fun;
Kill a man in a flash, a breath,
Or snatch a friend from the claws of death;
Swallow the pill of assured defeat
And plan attack in his slow retreat;
Spin the wheel till the numbers dance,
And bite his thumb at the god of Chance;
Drink straight water with whisky-soaks,
Or call for liquor with temperance folks;
Tearless stand at the graven stone,
Yet weep in the silence of night, alone;
Worship a sweet, white virgin's glove,
Or teach a courtesan how to love;
Dare the dullness of fireside bliss,
Or stake his soul for a wanton's kiss;
Blind his soul to a woman's eyes
When she says she loves and he knows she lies;
Shovel dung in the city mart
To earn a crust for his choosen art;
Build where the builders all have failed,
And sail the seas that no man has sailed;
Run a tunnel or dam a stream,
Or damn the men who financed the dream;
Tell a pal what his work is worth,
Though he lost his last best friend on earth;
Lend the critical monkey-elf
A razor—hoping he'll kill himself;

Wear the garments he likes to wear,
Never dreaming that people stare;
Go to church if his conscience wills,
Or find his own—in the far, blue hills.

He is kind and gentle, or harsh and gruff;
He is tender as love—or he's rawhide tough;
A rough-necked rider in spurs and chaps,
Or well-groomed son of the town—perhaps;
And this is the little Red God I sing,
Who cares not a wallop for anything
That walks or gallops, that crawls or struts,
No matter how clothed—if it hasn't guts.

* * *

Me for the Cave Man

By Charles C. Walts.

I want a Cave-man rugged and tough
To bite my neck and treat me rough.
To hold me whether I screech or bluff;
Me for the Cave-man stuff!

I want a Cave-man who can pick me up,
Slam me around like an ornery pup,
Out of his hand I would eat and sup—
Me for the Cave-man stuff!

I want a Cave-man when I've the blues
To take me and shake me out of my shoes,
To swear by note in lurid hues—
Me for the Cave-man stuff.

I want a Cave-man just for luck,
I'll not be any sissy's "duck,"
I'm no "honey" or any such truck—
Me for the Cave-man stuff!

* * *

The Profiteer

By George D. Brewer

When God made the buzzard, the toad and the snake;
As well as the worm and the rat,
He stirred what was left of the entrails and ends,
In an air-tight asbestos vat.
From this corrupt mass of intestines and muck
He skimmed the most rancid, I hear,
And took it away to a corner in hell
And from it produced a food profiteer.

Explosion of Pedigreed Cat

(With Apologies to Captain Billy's "Explosion of Pedigreed Bull")

A Persian kitty, perfumed and fair,
Strayed out through the kitchen door for air,
When a Tom Cat, lean and lithe and strong
And dirty and yellow came along.

He sniffed at the perfumed Persian cat,
As she strutted about with much eclat,
And thinking a bit of time to pass,
He whispered: "Kiddo, you sure have class."

"That's fitting and proper," was her reply
As she arched the whiskers over her eye,
"I'm ribboned, I sleep in a pillow of silk
And daily they bathe me in certified milk."

"Yet we're never contented with what we've got
"I try to be happy, but happy I'm not.
"And I should be joyful, I should, indeed,
"For I certainly am highly pedigreed."

"Cheer up," said the Tom Cat, with a smile,
"And trust your new found friend a while.
"You need to escape from your back yard fence;
"My dear, all you need is experience."

New joys of life he then unfurled,
As he told her tales of the outside world,
Suggesting at last, with a luring laugh,
A trip for the two down the "Primrose Path."

The morning after the night before
The "Cat Came Back" at the hour of four,
The look in her innocent eyes had went
But the smile on her face was the smile of content.

And in the after days when children came
To the Persian kitty of pedigreed fame,
They weren't Persian—they were black and tan,
And she told them their pa was a traveling man.

* * *

Summer Idyl

The dragon-flies are on the wing—
Oh, would some power command 'em
To fly like any decent thing,
Instead of traveling tandem!

Bomb, Bomb, Bomb

We were bombed last night, we were bombed the night before
And we're gonna be bombed tonight as we were never bombed before;

When we're bombed, we're as scared as we can be,
They can bomb the whole damned army if they don't bomb me!

CHORUS

They're over us, they're over us,
One little cave for the four of us;
Glory be to God there are no more of us
Or they'd bomb the whole damned crew!

* * *

Wild Woman

If she drinks, we have taught her.

If she smokes, we showed her how.

If she has any bad habits,

What's the use to knock her now?

For God made man, and God made woman,

Both on a different plan.

So if women do go wrong,

It's done by us, the man.

* * *

It Used to Be

Booze, booze, you're my guest.

You often keep me from my rest;

You often make my friends my foes;

You often make me wear old clothes;

But as you are so near my nose—

Tip her up, pals, and down she goes.

* * *

Memory

By Oscar C. Williams.

When I review the days we spent up there
Upon Youth's mountain-top, when we had thrilled
To the throbbing of a love that God had willed,
And sipped together joyously the rare,
Rich strangeness of the brimming hours and fair—
When I review all this, those days so filled
With life, I realize how much was spilled.
We did not mind, we had so much to spare!

Friend Wife

Here's to the girl I love the best.
I've kissed her without 'em
And I've kissed her dressed;
I've kissed her sitting
And I've kissed her lying,
And—Gol darn her soul—
If she had wings I'd kiss her flying.

* * *

Hold Fast

Poet, never chase the dream.
Laugh yourself and turn away.
Mask your hunger, let it seem
Small matter if he come or stay;
But when he nestles in your hand at last,
Close up your fingers 'tight and hold him fast.
—Robert Graves.

* * *

Sam's Girl

By Charles C. Walts

Sam's girl is tall and slender;
My girl is fat and low.
Sam's girl wears silks and satins;
My girl wears calico.
Sam's girl is swift and speedy;
My girl demure and good.
Do you think I'd swap for Sam's girl?
You know darn well I would!

* * *

Good Night

You sing a little song or two,
You have a little chat,
You make a little candy fudge
And then you take your hat.
You hold her hand and say "good night,"
As sweetly as you can—
Ain't that a heluva an evening
For a great big healthy man?

Twentieth Century Jazz

By Carrie Blaine Yeiser

I ain't a-comin' back
Till I know why,
I ain't a-goin to live
Where I have to die!

Man drifts to earth
Like a summer cloud—
Next comes the hearse
And a linen shroud.

Nailed in a box,
Served to the worms,
'Thout bein' consulted
Nor asked to make terms.

This thing o' livin'
An' dyin' again,
Is same as a hog
Cooped up in a pen.

He's got just so long
To wallow in swill,
So he grunts about—
Never gettin' his fill.

Then his light is put out
An' he's served in chops,
On a linen cloth
To a bunch o' wops.

So, I won't be squeezed into a body again
Till I know the wherefore, why, an' when.
An' I reckon—time I grow that wise,
I'll be headin' for the gates o' Paradise.

* * *

The Answer

Why is it folks are drinking more
Since Prohibition than before?
The reason's easy to perceive,
The same old Snake that tempted Eve
With the Forbidden Fruit to play
Is on the job again today,
And pious folk who never took
A drop in all their lives, now look
Upon the wine when it is red
Because it is prohibited!

* * *

The Old Dog

I've led a wild life,
I've earned all I've spent.
I've paid all I've borrowed,
I've lost all I've lent.

I loved a woman,
And then came the end.
Get a good dog, boys,
He'll be your friend.

Pasture Pot Pourri

A bumble bee backed up to me and pushed.

* * *

When things come to a head it will be some tale.

* * *

She—I'll have you understand I got my musical education from abroad.

He—I got worse than that from abroad.

* * *

It Isn't What You Used to Was

Here's to the man of forty and past,
Who's lived his young life and lived it fast;
And here's to his wife of twenty-four,
Who kisses him sweetly and coaxes for more;
But all that he'll do is to buzz and buzz
And tell what a guy he used to was.

* * *

“Oi, Oi, Ikey, I've got a joke on you. You forgot to pull your vindow curtain down last night and I could see you and your vife all de time.”

“No, No. Abie, the joke's on you. I vasn't home at all last night.”

* * *

When I was young and had some sense,
I tried to jump a barb wire fence.

—Mascot.

* * *

Kissing a woman is like taking olives out of a bottle—get the first one and the rest come easy.

That Famous Lullaby

Sleep, baby, sleep,
You're mama's pet;
Though your father voted dry,
You were always wet.

* * *

It has been said that the only possible way to get some men to the front is by kicking them in the rear, which reminds us of the Russian Jewish battalion in the recent Polish invasion that was cut off in the front while running to the rear.

* * *

A few months ago the girls ran away from a drunken man—now they run after him to see where he got it.

* * *

You tell 'em, locomotive; you've got a tender behind you.

* * *

Arabella: "Children are such an expense nowadays, I don't see why you have so many."

Mrs. Murphy: "Well, you know there are moments in the lives of all great men when they don't care a darn for expenses."

* * *

Born in Kentucky,
Raised in Tennessee,
Won't somebody come
And shimmy with me.

* * *

—Shakesbeer.

Youngblood, arrested in St. Paul, on trial:
Police Judge—"Who brought you here?"
Youngblood—"Two policemen."
Judge—"Drunk, I suppose?"
Y. B.—"Yes, both of them."

Father said: "My boy, when I was your age down on the farm,
I retired with the chickens."

Son replied: "That's nothing, dad, so do I."

* * *

She may be a moonshiner's daughter, but I love
her "still."

* * *

Oh, my daddy's in the back yard
A-sawing a log;
Baby's in the cradle
A-walking the dawg,
Oh! Honey, how long must I wait
Shall I get you now
Or must I hesitate?

* * *

Say a kind word for Patrick O'Toole
He borrowed a feather to tickle a mule.

* * *

Here's to the girl with the high-heeled shoes
Who eats my lobsters and drinks my booze
And taxies home to mother to snooze.
I'll marry her yet.

* * *

Too Obvious

Sunday School Teacher — Which bird did Noah
send out of the Ark to find out what the weather was
like?

Small Girl—Please, teacher, a weather-cock.

* * *

Foolish Rimes

There was a young lady from France
Who got on the train by chance,
Along came her sister
Who immediately kissed her,
And the "brakie" went off in a trance.

* * *

It is never too hot to dance, if you are that young.

Limericks

A beautiful queen named Miss Aster,
Wore a bathing suit, tight as a plaster;
She sneezed a big sneeze
And felt a cool breeze,
And knew she had met with disaster.

* * *

There was an old fellow named Fife,
Who had a most wonderful wife,
But he went to the "Follies"
And winked at the dollies,
And now she is off him for life.

* * *

There was a young lady from Natchez,
Who fell in some nettleweed patches,
With a heart full of gloom
She sits in her room
And scratches and scratches and scratches.

* * *

A giddy old maid, Miss O'Hare,
Caught a man in her room unaware,
"Come from under that bed,"
She emphatically said,
"And escape from this room if you dare!"

* * *

A doughboy who'd just come from France,
At the clothes of the girls looked askance,
He'd killed many a Hun
And from bombs hadn't run,
But the skirts made his breath come in pants.

* * *

There once was a girlie from Litchen,
Stood scratching herself in the kitchen,
Her father said, "Rose,
"Coots, I suppose";
"Yes, daddy, dear, and they're itchen."

Classified Ads

Maybe He Liked Stewed Ox Tail

(Sign on Minnesota Farmer's Fence)

NOTIS: If any man's or woman's cows gets into these here oats, his or her tail will be cut off as the case may be.

* * *

Honesty in Advertising

(Sign, Casey's Store, Golden Valley, Minn.)

Annual sale now on; don't go elsewhere and be cheated; come here.

* * *

Everybody Likes a Sailor

(From the Southampton Times)

Wanted, by a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor.

* * *

Preparing for the Flood

(From the Alton Eagle)

Wanted small cottage for a small family with good drainage.

* * *

Why the Street Car Stalled

(From the Dubuque News)

Will the person who took pair of pants off Main street car Friday please return to this office?

* * *

Why the Car?

(From the Buffalo Courier)

Wanted—Permanent gentleman boarder, with or without car, in refined ladies' own private home, with garage. Address Refined Home, Courier.

Full in a Full Cellar

(From the Keokuk Gate City)

For Sale—A good modern house on the south side with eight rooms and full cellar for \$2,600. Van Pappelendam Brothers.

* * *

Power of the Press

(Lusk Herald)

Owing to the lack of space and the rush of the Herald's prize contest several births and deaths will be postponed until next week, or until a later date.

* * *

Some Prefer the Rear Veranda

(From the Lakefield Pilot)

House wanted by lady with large front porch and spacious rear veranda; sun parlor and no bedbugs.

* * *

Unnecessary Qualifications

(From Johnson (S. C.) Leader)

Wanted—Girls to strip in a tobacco factory.

* * *

If You Lamp Any Let Us Know

(From the Philadelphia Ledger)

Watches for women of superior design and perfection of movement. Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co.

* * *

New Fashioned Men Apply

(From the Detroit Free Press)

Room with two meals daily in one of the prettiest private homes in city for one permanent gentleman with every convenience imaginable.

* * *

What's the Fare?

(From Petaluma (Calif.) Courier)

I want to dispose of a lot of fancy chickens. Always home nights.

Jest Jokes and Jingles

The Wrong Husband

A lady boarded a crowded train and rushing up behind a bald-headed man, kissed him on the top of his head. He turned to look at her, and in an embarrassed and frustrated tone, she said: "I—I beg your pardon. I thought you were my husband. Your head behind looks just like his behind."

* * *

**The nice things of life are not always naughty,
but the naughty things are invariably nice.**

* * *

In the Garden of Eden Adam slept;
Into his arms a chicken crept.
A voice said to Adam: "This is Eve"—
And Adam replied: "Ive got you, Steve."

* * *

**When we hear a woman say that all men are alike
we wonder how she found it out.**

* * *

Little drops of water,
That we used to think
Were simply made for chasers,
Are now the whole damn drink.

Did You Ever?

A furrier was selling a coat to a woman customer. "Yes, ma'am," he said, "I guarantee this to be genuine skunk fur that will wear for years."

"But suppose I get it wet in the rain?" asked the woman. "What effect will the water have on it? What will happen to it then? Won't it spoil?"

"Madam," answered the furrier, "I have only one answer: Did you ever hear of a skunk carrying an umbrella?"

* * *

"So you deceived your husband," said the judge gravely.

"On the contrary, my lord, he deceived me. He said he was going out of town and he didn't go."

* * *

He was a rather feminine young man, but he got into an argument with his male companion. Said the other fellow:

"Do you know, a company in Cincinnati named a soap after you?"

"No, is that right?" asked the feminine youth, in a high-pitched voice, "What is it called?"

"Fairy-soap," was the reply.

* * *

A young lady on whose lap a bug had just lit, exclaimed:

"Oh, look at that funny little bug; what kind of a bug is it?"

Her Escort: "That's a lady bug."

Young Lady: "My but you have good eyesight!"

Oh, Tempore, Oh H——

Wouldn't Omar Khayam be sore if he was here. He'd change his immortal "Rubiyait" to this:

Beneath a bough, a can of near beer,
And thou—

* * *

Here's another ditty from the Jazz Review:

Coffee in the Pantry,
Sugar in the Bowl,
Mother's Down Town
Dancing Jellyroll.

* * *

She came down to breakfast very late and her mother scanned her severely.

"Did that man kiss you last night?" she asked.

"Now, mother," said the sweet young thing, blushing, "do you suppose he came all the way from the Great Lakes to hear me sing?"

* * *

If the ocean was beer and I was a duck,
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up.

* * *

Negro Woman to Drug Clerk: "Misto drug clerk, do you all exchange things here?"

Drug Clerk: "Why, yes madam, we do."

Negro Woman: "Well I was jist wonderin' if yo' would take back this here good fer nuffin rubber thing an' give me a bottle of Mellen's food instead."

* * *

A girl's heart is like her vanity bag—overflowing with tender little souvenirs of love; a man's is like his pipe—carefully emptied after each "flame" has gone out.

Second Spasm

Said the big red rooster to the little brown hen:
"Meet me at the smoke-house at half past ten";
Said the little brown hen to the big red rooster:
"I'll not be there—in fact, I refuster";
Said the big red rooster with a smirk of pride:
"Huh! I should worry, I'll go outside";
Said the little brown hen as she left on a run:
"So will I, too, you son of a gun."

* * *

Footman: "My lord, a lady waits without."
Lord Wunckleberry: "Without what?"
"Without food or clothing, your lordship."
"Well, give her some food and send her in."

* * *

Those Kilkenny Kats

A story is told of an agent who accompanied a prospective buyer to the vast granite quarries south of St. Cloud, Minn. While there a cat passed them and seemed to be in a hurry. The P. B. noticed it, but said nothing. In a few moments another cat appeared and ran in the same direction. The P. B. looked at the agent, but he seemed to be paying no attention to the cats. When the third cat finally flew by and vanished in the distance, the P. B. could no longer withhold his curiosity.

"What in the world is the matter with those cats?" he asked.

"Nothing the matter with the cats," answered the agent, unconcernedly, "but it's nine miles to dirt."

* * *

Most women are pure and chaste—the less pure the more chased.

Our Rural Mail Box

Yes, God Bless 'Em

Skipper Bill:

May you grant me the privilege of expostulating to the tune of a jazz strain, which is indicative of life, the melody of the living and the nemesis of the dead, and dying.

Under the cloak of religion there are too many one-cylinder brains functioning to the detriment of our country, creed and constitution, and the space you allotted to the vituperations of an ecclesiastic ass, yclept Rev. J. Herbden Walters, was just two pages too much.

Women have always been enigmas so far as man is concerned, and it doesn't require any brand of spiritual interpretation to convince us mortals that such a condition is in keeping with Allah's plan of things.

No man who ever fell for the charms of a woman can point an accusing finger at her. When she makes herself "sweet to look upon" she is but fulfilling her destiny on this earth, and the power of man was created for the sole purpose of battering down her resistance—that's God's law; it's the same in all forms of life.

No, Bill, his dose is diarrhoetic and we are not seeking purgatives. His mentality is sadly lacking and

his virility could well be questioned. Personally, such festers on our social cosmos sort o' rankles me, for I try to atune myself to the Greater Law.

In closing, and ere I sign my John Henry to these sentiments, let me enlist the eloquence of Alexander Smith, whose brain gave birth to these lines:

“The saddest thing that can befall a soul,
Is when it loses faith in God and woman.”

One of the male specie,

E. W. WELTY.

1819 West Seventh St., Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

Mary D.—No, Mary. Do not worry. Bank examiners will not inspect your “First National.” I fear when we reach that day there will be more candidates for bank examiner than for president of this good old U. S. A.

* * *

Knuts Gazoobus — If you are certain your pet skunk has fleas there is but one remedy I can suggest and that is the tying of a good hefty chunk of dynamite to the tail of the animal. I've been up against the polecat of Northern Minnesota and the flea of dear old Frisco and the devil save me from meeting both at the same time.

* * *

Beautiful Katie—This is the army recipe for hash: See that the dog is a fairly fat one. Hit him over the head with an axe and allow him to boil three hours. Chop into mince meat and mix in a lot of potatoes, onions and sage. Serve hot. Cats take only 20 minutes.

Dan M.—Should you accidentally upset a cup of coffee on the tablecloth, do not stare at it in consternation and exclaim "This is a hell of a note!" Laugh it off pleasantly and apologize to the hostess.

* * *

Daffy Dill—Your question is rather absurd and my answer is NO, I have never heard a porcupine for its mate. But I have seen a gopher go for a gopher.

* * *

Oliver Towne—I can't quite agree with you as to the world's greatest historical event. How about the time that Antony made a date with Cleopatra?

* * *

J. C. R.—Yes, you are correct. The women's wearing apparel nowadays are held up by nothing more than a string of beads on one side and the kindness of heaven on the other.

* * *

Happy Harriet—It is quite true that a teakettle full of water sings, but whoinel wants to be a teakettle.

* * *

James B.—I am not positive as to the number of years the government has been trying to obliterate moonshining in Kentucky. I do know, however, that they're taking in lots of territory now.

* * *

Hubby: "Let's name our darling baby 'Prohibition.'"

Wifelets: "I should say not. He'll never be a 'dry'."

Some Persuader

Brumbaugh—"I can't see why Bert Kitchins married that ugly Miss Vanderpeel. Her money would not have been an inducement to me!"

Gimble—"No? Well, her father's shotgun might have persuaded even you."

* * *

Too Bad

Pelican: "Did you hear about the arrest of William Jennings Bryan?"

Belican: "No, what was it all about?"

Helican: "For feeling out the women delegation to see if they were wet or dry."

* * *

Or a Second Bill Sunday

A father, wishing to satisfy himself as to the future prospects of his son, decided to make the following test:—"Now," he said, "I will put here, where he will see them the first thing when he comes in, a Bible, some money, and a bottle of whiskey. If he takes the Bible he will be a preacher, if he takes the money he will be a business man, and if he takes the whiskey he will be no good." Having thus decided on the plan, he arranged the articles and concealed himself to await the son and watch results. Presently in came the boy, saw the money and put it in his pocket, took up the bottle of whiskey and drank it, put the Bible under his arm and walked out whistling. "My gracious!" exclaimed the father, "he will soon be a United States Senator."

Doggonit

A farmer friend of mine was standing in the road with a gun tucked under his arm and an old dog at his side. He was directly in the path of a motor car. The chauffeur sounded his horn, but the dog did not move—until he was struck. After that he did not move.

The automobile stopped and one of the men got out and came forward. He had once paid a farmer \$10 for killing a calf that belonged to another farmer. This time he was wary.

"Was that your dog?"

"Yes."

"You own him?"

"Yes."

"Looks as if we'd killed him."

"Certainly looks so."

"Very valuable dog?"

"Well, not so very."

"Will \$5 satisfy you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, here you are." He handed a \$5 bill to the man with the gun, and said pleasantly, "I'm sorry to have broken up your hunt."

"I wasn't going hunting," replied the other as he pocketed the bill.

"Not going hunting? Then what were you doing with the dog and the gun?"

"Going down to the river to shoot the dog."

* * *

Too many women look upon a marriage certificate as a license to operate a holdup game.

Pickled Puppies

A lady entering a crowded train, requested a little boy if she might put his basket, which he had beside him, up in the rack so that she might sit there. He assented willingly.

A short time later the lady remarked, "Sonny, I'm afraid your pickles are leaking."

Little boy, disgustedly, "Them ain't pickles, lady, them's puppies."

* * *

Miss Marcella had a cat,
The cat she had a feller;
Their backyard concerts so annoyed
Ma made Marcella sell her.

* * *

Speaking of society, we heard a good one the other night. A dude and his lady friend were tripping lightly back from the reception room when a rather stout lady whose gown started somewhere close to the ground and never could get strength enough to get any nearer to her shoulders, bumped into him. The dude was peeved and said aloud to his lady friend: "Like Balaam's ass, some people are always getting in the way." The fat dame, quick to retort, replied, "You are wrong. It was the angel who got in the way and the ass that spoke."

* * *

Sayings of the Famous

Rastus Johnsing—"Mandy, the only thing that ever kept me a good man was your won't power and my will power."

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